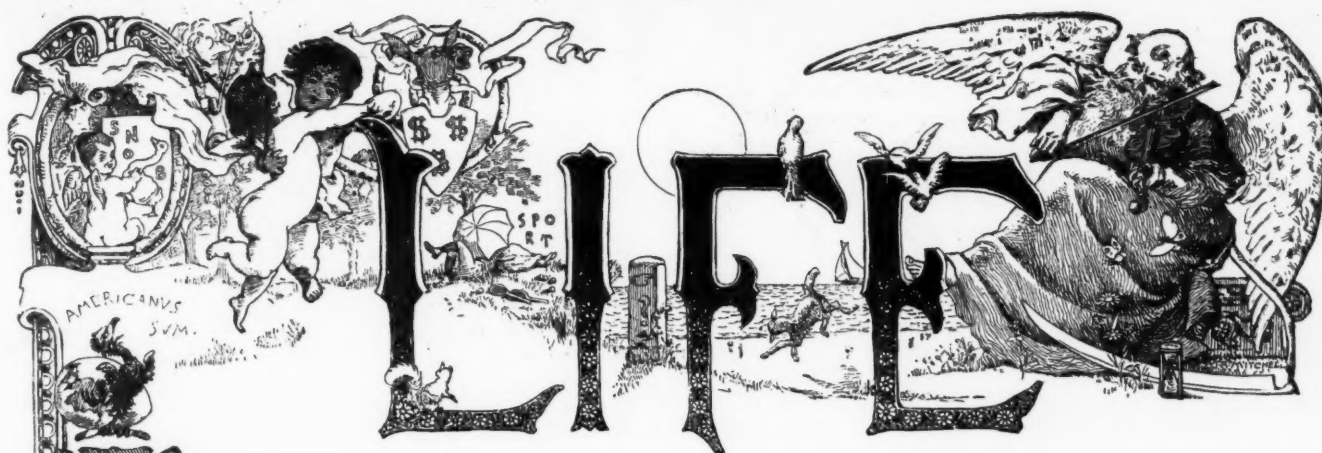


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TO BE PRECISE.

He: YOU SEEM TO LOOK UPON A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE AS AN EVERYDAY AFFAIR.

She: WELL, NO. HARDLY THAT. EVERY OTHER DAY. I NEVER GIVE MY ANSWER THE SAME DAY.

• LIFE •

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ONCE Cupid, he
Went on a spree
And made a peck of trouble,
"Ah ha!" cried he
"Two hearts I see!"
Alack the rogue saw double.



There was but one;
What has he done?
How could he be so stupid?
Into one heart
Two arrows dart—
O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

In truth 'tis sweet
When "two hearts beat
As one"—but what to do
When in one heart
Two arrows smart
And one heart beats as two?
O. Herford.



SURE.

THE morning after election day the children of the infant department of a certain public school in Brooklyn were assembled for the opening exercises. The principal stepped on the platform and asked how many children were glad that Cleveland was elected. A few hands went up. She naturally supposed that when she said, "Well, then, who is sorry?" that a hundred jittle hands would be visible; but, instead of the holding up of hands, a shrill little voice piped "Harrison."

"YOU are altogether too fresh," said the potato to the egg, "and I have my eyes on you."
"Now look here, Irish," said the egg, "I daresay you have a good heart, but remember that when we come to scramble for a living you're not in it with me."

SHE: What did we do at the farm? Oh, the girls hugged the stove and the men smoked.

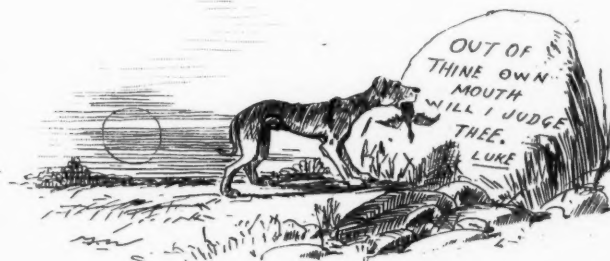
HE: Why didn't the men hug the girls and let the stove smoke?



"I MUST GO TO THE WOMAN'S GYMNASIUM AND LEARN BOXING AND WRESTLING."

"WHAT FOR, DEAR?"

"TO GET IN TRAINING FOR THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING."



FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.

HE WAS A MINISTER'S DOG, AND USED TO ACCOMPANY HIS MASTER TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY, BUT HE FELL INTO BAD COMPANY, AND FINALLY ROBBED A CHICKEN HOUSE. AS HE WAS CARRYING OFF HIS ILL-GOTTEN PREY TO DEVOUR IT AT HIS LEISURE, HE CAME SUDDENLY TO A ROCK UPON WHICH A SALVATIONIST HAD PUT AN INSCRIPTION. SEIZED WITH AN INDESCRIBABLE GRIEF, AND WITH A MOISTENED EYE AND TREMBLING TREAD, HE RETURNED THE BIRD HE HAD HYPOTHECATED TO THE NEST OF EGGS, FROM WHICH HE HAD TAKEN IT.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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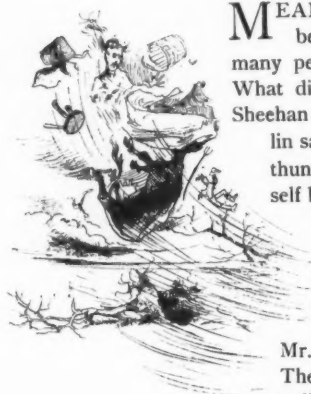


WHAT a lot of interesting confidences our friends the politicians must be imparting to one another now that there is no longer an election in prospect to be affected by untimely revelations! How much edifying political gossip must have been swapped over some Thanksgiving dinners, that would make interesting reading if it could only be brought out! How much Mr. Whitney must know that would help to sell newspapers if it could be put in type! And Mr. Croker! Aye! and the old Man Substantial himself for that matter! There was that interesting story that came out the other day about what happened at the little dinner at the Victoria Hotel. Either of the gentlemen above named could tell, if he chose, whether it was true that Mr. Sheehan tried to put gyves on Mr. Cleveland, and that Mr. Cleveland shook them off with profane emphasis. And that other tale of why and how the protection-is-unconstitutional plank got into the Chicago platform! Some day, no doubt, the true versions of these stories, and others like them, will come out, but not until the contemporaneous human interest has faded out of them, and they have passed over into the small-beer chronicle of history.

The story of what Mr. Cleveland said to Mr. Sheehan may not be accurate as it has been told, but it is such a pretty story as it stands that it seems a pity not to believe it. Moreover, it is not incredibly creditable to Mr. Cleveland, whose peculiar strength lies in his ability to make himself clearly understood at times when the temptation to shuffle and compromise is greatest.

TO choose Mr. Edward Murphy as the senatorial colleague of Mr. Hill would be to give the State of New York an unparalleled chance to be astonished at the development

of statesmanlike qualities in two politicians. Whether these qualities could be developed in those men is a question by itself. Bosses have developed into statesmen before now, as witness the case of Daniel Manning. There is no doubt that the senators from New York ought to be men of statesmanlike proportions, and that the people of the State, without distinction of faction, would rejoice to see Senator Hill and his prospective colleague prove equal to their opportunity. If Mr. Hill is to do that he must turn over a new leaf and try to get himself acclimated in Washington.



MEANWHILE there are a number of things that a good many people would like to know. What did Mr. Croker say to Mr. Sheehan; what did Mr. McLaughlin say to Mr. Hill, and what in thunder did Mr. Hill say to himself before they all concluded to cut themselves down from the limb where they were hanging together and work their way into the front of Mr. Cleveland's procession? The late anti-snappers are too polite nowadays to ask such

questions as these, and the gentlemen most concerned do not volunteer any information. But after all, in the light of recent events, such enquiries are curious rather than important. The large fact that has been particularly obvious since election is that the American ship of state is a railway vessel still, and shapes her course according to how the wind blows. It may be possible some time to get machinery enough inside of her to drive her in the teeth of the popular gales, but that has not been done yet, and the prospect of doing it cannot be said to be immediately encouraging.

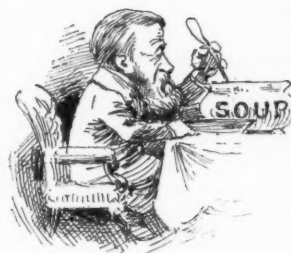


OF the three methods of becoming a great man Mr. Cleveland has experienced at least two. That he was born great may be disputed, but he had achieved a reasonable measure of greatness before he left the White House the first time, and in the recent election greatness was thrust upon him to an extent that has left him far and away the biggest individual entity in current American politics. The size of the opportunity before him, considered in connection with the dimensions of the reputation behind him, warrants large expectations of useful work from him during the next four years.

IT is said that President Harrison contemplates extending the operation of the Civil Service law to several departments not yet covered. LIFE has no doubt that Mr. Cleveland would be very much obliged to him.



NOVEMBER. THANKSGIVING DINNERS.



HARRISON.



McKINLEY.



BLAINE.

IT has been held for a long time that the proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it. Some of LIFE's distinguished friends will doubtless agree with us in believing that the test of a viand rests not only in the eating, but quite as much in the digesting of it. For instance, Major William McKinley may be able to feast on crow without making any wry faces over the taste—in fact, it may prove very palatable. LIFE has never been obliged to eat crow, so it does not speak as one having authority, but it feels that no matter how good it may taste to Major McKinley, it will not prove as pleasing as the diet which the American people have provided for the Hon. Grover Cleveland.

BUT neither Major McKinley, Mr. Harrison, nor any of the rest of them need be cast down. They have fed on the fat of the land for a long time, and it is quite possible that the natural asininity of the Democratic party, leavened by the innate foolishness of the Populists, may put them back in power four years hence.

THAT will be Mr. Cleveland's hardest task. He will not only have to be a Westinghouse air brake to his own party, but owing to a possibly necessary combination with the Populists to secure a working majority in the Senate, he may be obliged to hold back the fool ideas of that crowd also.



CHEYENNES
AND ARAPAHOS.



GERMANY.



BISMARCK



GLADSTONE AND MORLEY



THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THE AMERICAN HORSE.

THE RECENT CIRCUS.

MORE than a week has elapsed since the horse show occupied this town, and LIFE has the taste of it still in his mouth. It is less like the memory of an excellent dinner than the constant reminder of an artificial and indigestible dish, of too much flavoring and insufficient nourishment.

There is no denying the fact that except to those immediately interested, the horse show was depressingly trivial. Financially, nothing could be more successful, and for those with clothes to exhibit and sundry others of like ambitions, every dream was satisfied. But for the American horse it was a premeditated and successful snub.

The high stepper with an English harness, dragging an English cart, and driven by his owner in English clothes, was the conquering favorite. And this was so clearly the object of the show, so frankly and without concealment the preference of the judges, that the American horse with American characteristics was practically out of it. Endurance, speed, the cultivation of the best natural gait, were matters of no more importance to the judges than to the richly caparisoned women who occupied the boxes.

Perhaps some day we shall have a real grown-up horse show, bearing less resemblance to a fashionable circus, with less harness and more horse.

TANTALIZING.

HE: I beg your pardon—might I ask your name?

SHE: Smith.

HE: Would not you like to change it?

SHE: Yes; what is yours?

HE: Smith.

PRETTY WELL OFF—The leaves.

A LAY OF THE RIALTO.

By a Retired Thespian.

I'VE played the melancholy Dane,
I've been a nymph as well as satyr.
I've pealed the thunder; sent the rain,
And ushered in many a fine theater.

I've played Iago, Richelieu,
Bunthorne and old Rienzi;
I've supped a dozen seasons through,
Announcing lords with tragic frenzy.

From Texas back to Union Square
I've walked, a busted constellation.
One year I wore albino hair;
I've been alone a combination.

But now I'm weary of my art—
An art at which I ne'er was thriving—
Which is just why this butcher's cart
At three a week to-day I'm driving.

Carlyle Smith.



CHOLLY: My birthday to-day, old chap

CHAPPIE: How old?

CHOLLY: Getting so old, deah boy, I'm weally ashamed to tell.

CHAPPIE: I won't wepeat it.

CHOLLY: Eighteen.

CHAPPIE: Gwacious!



WHAT'S THE BABY'S NAME?"
SUTHERLAND FAUNTLEROY SMITH."
"TAKE OFF THE SINKER."

AN AMERICAN CODE.

THE epidemic of fisticuffs which prevailed during Horse Show week suggests that in America we need a modern code, whereby Americans who desire to thrash someone may accomplish that often desirable purpose without any misunderstanding as to the manliness of the participants or doubt as to which contestant gets the better of it. In the excitement which surrounds such events it is possible for the adherents of the parties to the dispute to claim all sorts of things and the real merits of the case are lost in conflicting statements.

The laws and the state of public sentiment are so strongly against duelling that in these days only a fool seeks to secure satisfaction under its code. The old knife-fighting of the South-west is too gory to suit the modern fancy.

The human fist is a weapon which is able to inflict serious punishment and at the same time is so rarely fatal in its action that it seems especially fitted for the purpose desired. The principal objection to its use is that it is always present and is likely to get into operation where ladies are spectators and in public places where peace-officers are likely to interfere with vulgar consequences.

If the American fist could be hedged about with the same formalities that in other countries protect the sword and pistol we would have an excellent method of settling differences and be saved the annoyance of having bar-room fighting introduced into polite society.



ANOTHER INDUSTRY GONE.

Professional (to tradesman): AS I WAS A SAYIN', MR. HAZLITTS, BEGGIN' AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, BY NO MEANS. I REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN I COULD INDULGE MYSELF AN' FAMILY IN CRANBERRIES AN' TURKEY TWICED A WEEK. BUT THEM DAYS IS OVER. I CAN'T AFFORD IT. *(With a sigh.)* IT'S HAR LINES, MISTER HAZLITTS, WHEN I'M OBLEEGED TO ORDER SIRLOI, CAULIFLOWER AN' TATERS FOR MY SUNDAY DINNER.

A RETROSPECTIVE WIDOW.

AFTER SIX MONTHS OF WIDOWHOOD BRIDGET CONSENTED TO AGAIN ENTER THE MARRIED STATE. A FEW WEEKS AFTER SHE WAS LED TO THE ALTAR HER FORMER MISTRESS MET HER ON THE STREET, DRESSED IN DEEPEST MOURNING.



"WHY, BRIDGET," SHE EXCLAIMED, "FOR WHOM ARE YOU IN BLACK."

"FOR POOR TIM, ME FURST HUSBAND, MUM. WHEN HE DIED I WAS THAT POOR I COULDN'T, BUT I SAID IF EVER I COULD I WOULD, AND ME NEW MAN, MIKE, IS AS GINEROUS AS A LORD."

TO A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

WILLIAM, I have not seen you for a long time. We have not been intimate friends; and yet the fault has not been mine. I have sought you everywhere and other places.

I would that I might keep you here in my room. I would that we might be always together. How faithful I would be to you if you would but be faithful to me. But, alas! It is not to be. Affection such as mine for thee was born but to be blighted.

Come, I will introduce you to the landlady; and she in turn will present you at the court of the seller of hams and bacon.

How terrible your fate! It is indeed sad that you may not remain in good society.

SATISFIED WITH HER SURROUNDINGS.

AS Corydon and Phyllis fair
Paused in the shade to rest
He threw his arms around her there
And drew her to his breast.

If I had gold, he said to her,
'Twould be my dearest duty
To see that your surroundings were
Befitting to your beauty.

Sweet Phyllis blushed and softly sighed
A sigh of deep content,
And whispering said, I'm satisfied
With my environment.

Geo. Russell Jackson.



THE ROMANCE OF DON ORSINO.

TO any one who has read with appreciation the sixteen novels which Mr. F. Marion Crawford has published in the ten years since "Mr. Isaacs" brought him fame in a day, it must be very evident that his greatest achievement is the group of three novels on modern Italy—"Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," and "Don Orsino" which has just been published (Macmillan). The three books (concerning themselves with three separate generations of the same noble family) present a wonderfully vivid picture of Italian social life before, during and since the unification. The Saracinesca family is a type of the old feudal nobility, admirable in its breeding, conservative in its ideals, and especially fine in its family affection and pride. The change that the breaking up of the old order of things has brought on the aspirations and character of the men of this family—grandfather, father, and son, culminates in *Don Orsino*, a young man of to-day, the inheritor of the old ideals, but thoroughly open to the new. The very manly struggle of this ambitious noble to adjust himself to the new conditions, and to make a place for himself in the modern Rome of speculation and business, is the theme of this latest romance, that, by its modernity, makes the strongest human appeal of any in the series.

IN the building of *Don Orsino's* character, there is displayed a subtle understanding of the heart of a young man. There is nothing of the prig about him—for he stands on the plane of human nature with *Richard Feverel* and *Clive Newcome*. He is a young man of the world, but different from it, because of his strength and aspirations. He wins your sympathy from the very first, by his sincerity, and after that he gets your admiration for his pertinacity, and singular uprightness in adversity. He will not take the easy way out of a financial difficulty by appealing to his family, because he is proud to stand alone. The real subtilty of Mr. Crawford's story is shown in the man which this attitude develops out of *Don Orsino*, the impulsive boy.

In the end he is saved from his troubles by a woman's self-sacrifice—without his knowledge, and surely against his wishes if he had known it. There must always remain with him an exquisite pain at the thought of it—but of that kind which will make him think better of men and women everywhere. Such a memory is a source of strength to a young man, as it is a deepening consolation to those who grow old.

Of *Maria Consuelo*, the woman of the story, every other woman will have a different opinion. Whether such a sacrifice as hers can be justified by love will be the point about which all women will disagree. They will settle it by temperament and feeling; the emotional woman, of religious temperament will condemn the sacrifice; the emotional woman,

of romantic temperament, will approve it; the woman of the world will say that it was entirely a matter of expediency, and if *Del Ferice* assured her a place of security and honor in the world, it was not a sacrifice, but a very clever bit of strategy. And she will give you to understand that she would be willing to make that kind of a "sacrifice" for something less than a supreme passion.

The plot of the story is one of the very best that the author has constructed; not only is the great building speculation managed with plausibility, but the mystery of *Maria Consuelo's* birth and her relation to *Spicca* is most ingenious—continually suggesting a false trail to the reader, and in the end surprising and satisfying him with its adequateness.

When you combine all these things with a wonderful beauty of diction and facility in expression, you have that very difficult achievement—a thoroughly good modern romance. *Droch.*

NEW BOOKS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLANDER. By Edna Lyall. London and New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

Don Orsino. By F. Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Stories from the Greek Comedians. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

The Death of Eneide and Other Poems. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Mr. Billy Downs and His Likes. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. New York: Charles L. Webster and Company.

99 Practical Methods of Utilizing Boiled Beef. By Babet. New York: John Ireland.

Charing Cross to St. Paul's. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: Macmillan and Company.

Mrs. Bligh. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Gleams and Echoes. By A. R. G. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Barbara Dering. By Amèlie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

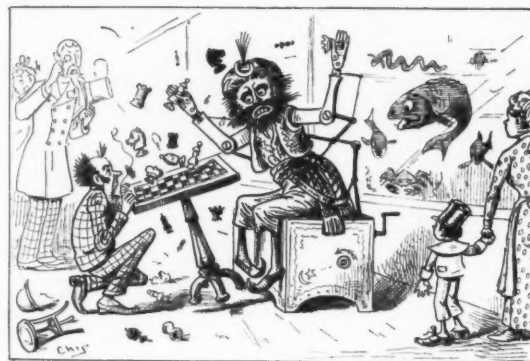
The Memoirs of Dean Hole. London: Edward Arnold. New York: Macmillan and Company.

ON THE SUBURBAN.

FIRST COMMUTER: That's a great manufacturing plant we're now passing. I'm told they can turn out a completed passenger coach every six hours.

SECOND COMMUTER: That's nothing. Why, just this morning I had only five minutes in which to make this train.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK.



DECEMBER 2D, 1878.

A MECHANICAL CHESS PLAYER EXHIBITED AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.



Tornado Tom: HE WAS TOUGH BUT HIS HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Blizzard Bill: THAT SO?

Tornado Tom: YES. I SHOT FOR THE PLACE WHERE IT OUGHT TO BE AND, BY GUM, IT WAS RIGHT THERE!

OUR CARTOON.

FIFTH AVENUE is too narrow even for the private carriages that throng it. Add to them the pandemonium of heavy trucks of every description that are constantly crowding into it to see the fun, and you have the present result. It requires skilful driving to guide a private carriage up the avenue in the afternoon without smashing either the vehicle or its occupants, particularly as the drivers of heavy teams have nothing to fear from colliding, and do not object to a little excitement.

The result is that New York has no proper approach to the Park, and never will have until Fifth Avenue ceases to be a common highway for hauling merchandise.

HE: I have played a great deal but I never have been successful at poker.

SHE: You must be very popular.

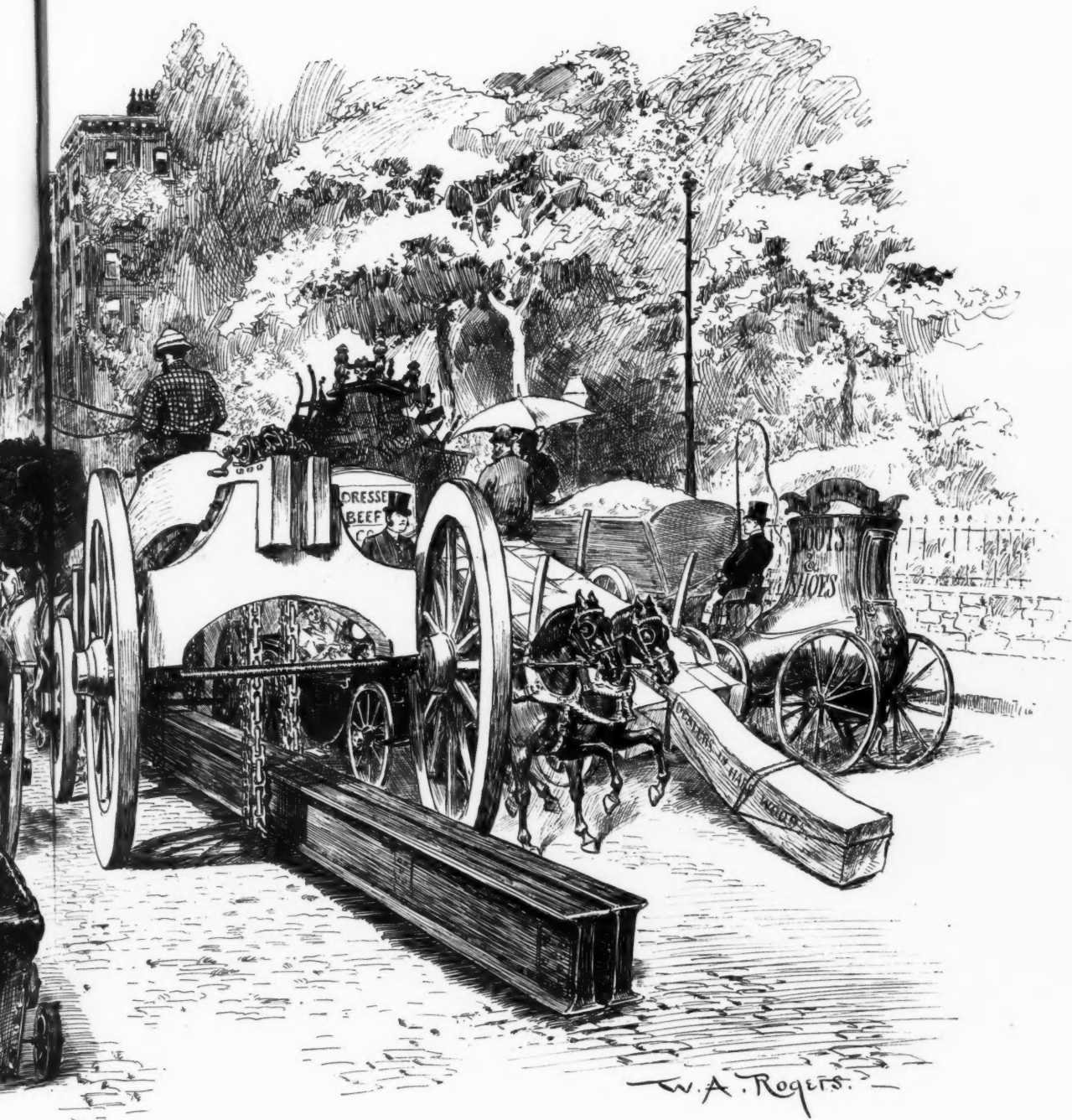


She: IF YOU HAD NEVER MET ME WOULD YOU HAVE LOVED ME JUST THE SAME.

He (convincingly): MORE.



FIFTH AVENUE IN THE
NEW YORK'S IDEA OF A PLEASANT



E IN THE AFTERNOON.
IDEA OF A PLEASURE STREET.



"IS THAT RALPH HOWNOW, WHO WAS MENTIONED IN HIS LATE UNCLE'S WILL?"

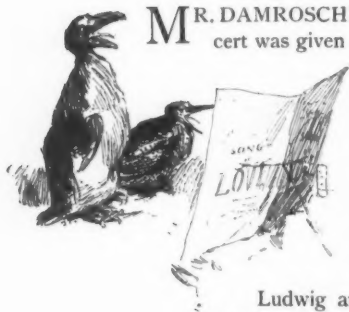
"YES; ONE MILLION DOLLARS WENT TO CHARITY, AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE ESTATE TO RALPH."

"INDEED; AND WHAT *was* LEFT?"

"RALPH."

POLITENESS.

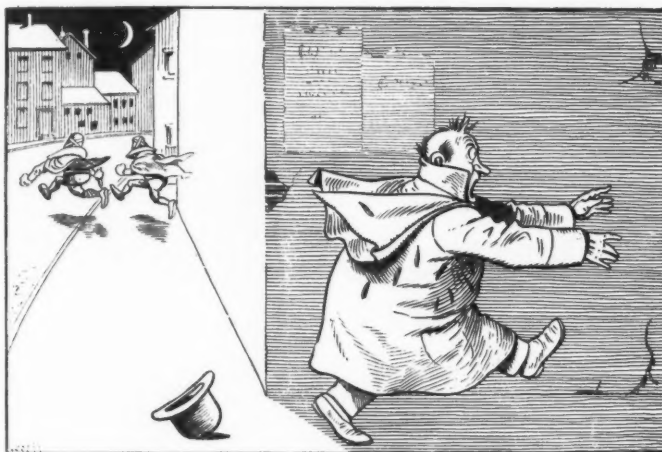
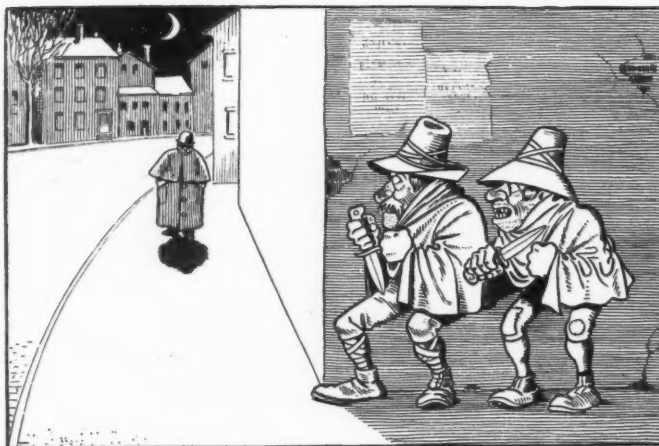
IF strict ideas ever come,
That Boston lady had 'em.
She never said "chrysanthemum,"
She said "chrysanthem-madam."



MR. DAMROSCH'S third popular concert was given on Sunday evening, the 20th, in the Music Hall. Mr. Damrosch's well-trained orchestra was assisted by Mr. Sherwood, pianist, who played with his usual brilliancy; also by Mr. Ludwig and Mrs. Belle Cole.

The two latter made the mistake of singing down to their audience, and treated them to popular airs, better suited to the concert hall of fifty years ago. It might be suggested to Mr. Damrosch that he follow Mr. Nikisch's example, and suppress encores. But with an eager soloist on one hand, and a greedy public on the other, this may be difficult. However, it would be well to try it.

WHY IT FAILED.





THE legitimate drama in New York during the week past has been a good deal like the snakes in Ireland. Outside of "Aristocracy," the comedy at Daly's, and Mrs. Beere's "Ariane" at the Manhattan Opera House, there has been nothing legitimate that could justly be accused of novelty. Both Proctor's and the Broadway have gone over to the equine drama, and Niblo's to the Wild West. The

Garden is monopolized by the perpetual and deserved success of "The Bostonians." At the Union Square the same is true of "The Liliputians." It took the American public some time to appreciate the unique excellence of this remarkable aggregation, but they are now doing a splendid business and may keep on forever.

This is the height of the dramatic season, and the present state of affairs does not afford a pleasing outlook to those who prefer to see on the stage something more substantial than the frothy entertainments which are to-day the best supported by the public. And it would seem that the end is not here. The variety shows, notably the Imperial Music Hall, which encroaches further on the territory of the legitimate theatres than any other, are doing a good and constantly increasing business. As soon as there is any modification of the law which makes it necessary to have a political "pull" to run a music hall, we may expect to see this business extended until it assumes the magnitude it enjoys in London. This result need not necessarily be a lamentable one, for it will relieve the legitimate stage from the financial drain of the so-called "farce-comedy." There is no special moral to be drawn from the present situation. Good plays are scarce, and the public prefers to be amused by froth rather than be bored by mediocrity. When the American dramatist becomes more numerous, our theatres will be able to compete successfully with the variety show, but meanwhile we will have to be content with the occasional work of two or three Americans, and the doubtful successes of London and Paris.

Metcalfe.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

"WHAT are your hopes for the future?" asked the solemn man.

"I have none just now," replied the youth. "Tomorrow is my best girl's birthday, and I'm worrying about the present."

A QUESTION of the day.—Whether last winter's clothes will last until a Democratic Congress has time to regulate the tariff on woolsens.



· LIFE ·



THE FAD.

CUSHIONS gay on every chair,
But never a place to sit;
Cushions, cushions everywhere,
Till I nearly take a fit;
Cushions strewn upon the floor
On every side I see—
My wife has taken a cushion craze
And there is no room for me!

—N. Y. Herald.

THE old man had given his son a very fair education, and after graduating he took him into his store. The young fellow was over-nice about a great many things, but the father made no comment. One day an order came in from a customer.

"I wish to goodness," exclaimed the son "that Jones would learn to spell."

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the father cheerfully.

"Why, he spells coffee with a K."

"No, does he? I never noticed it."

"Of course you never did," said the son pettishly. "You never notice anything like that."

"Perhaps not, my son," replied the old man gently; "but there is one thing I do notice, which you will learn by and by, and that is that Jones pays cash."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRAGG: I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy.

JENKS: Indeed! Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either.—*Exchange.*

GUEST: I'd soon starve here.

PROPRIETOR COUNTRY HOTEL: There's plenty to eat.

"Perhaps so, but those waiter girls of yours don't attend to me."

"They don't? Well, that's easily fixed. Here's some wax."

"What good is that?"

"Put it in your mustache, of course, and curl the ends. You've got too much of a married look."—*Boston Budget.*

"WHAT are we stopping for?" the east bound Chicago man demanded of the conductor.

"Ten minutes at Falls View station to see Niagara," was the replied.

"Ten minutes!" howled the Chicago man. "That's an outrage. Why, you only stop twenty minutes for breakfast. What does the company take us for, a lot of darned poets or what? I've never seen the falls, but this is too much, and I'll be blamed if I can stomach the things now," and he pulled down the curtain of his section in a sulks and declined to look at Nature's great work.

When he reached New York he wrote to his wife: "There were a lot of sickly sentimentalists on board who kept stopping the train to look at water works or I'd have been here sooner. I'm going to hustle around to-morrow and get rid of that carload of hogs. I'll be back by Thursday, but I shall travel by some other route. Armour opens his new lard rendering house on Friday and I want to take you down there. Everyone who amounts to anything will be there, and there'll be music and a luncheon. It begins at 10 A. M. and ends at 4 P. M. So see if my dress suit is all right, as the thing will be stylish."—*N. Y. Herald.*

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